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and undecorated with trophies, will sink into oblivion amidst the civilized world, save in the memory of the humane philanthropist, who can duly appreciate the value of his labours, in converting a lawless race of savages into useful and peaceable citizens, without the effusion of blood, by the mild but certain method of reciprocal benefit.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

**DESCRIPTION OF THE RUINED ABBEY
OF BONA MARGA, IN THE COUNTY
ANTRIM.**

ALONG the extensive coast of the county Antrim, are scattered several ruins, whose origin is generally lost in fable, but whose rude and massive architecture evince their remote antiquity. Many of these were evidently intended for permanent castles of defence against the predatory invasions of the Scotch.—Some for the residence of the baronial chieftain, and others for temporary watch-towers. Amid this number of Gothic remains, the only monastic building on the coast is the abbey of Bona Marga, which was founded in 1509, by Charles M'Donnell, for monks of the Franciscan order, and which may be ranked among the latest of the monastic edifices raised in Ireland. It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the village of Ballycastle, commanding to the west a view of the ocean, with the bold outlines of the rocks that rise in many a fantastic shape along the coast; to the south the undulating line of the mountain of Knock-lead, and to the east the extensive glen of Carey. The chapel is one hundred feet in length, and thirty-four in breadth. The refectory, cells, and other apartments, are too much dilapidated to allow any accurate description of their former size. The eastern gable of the chapel which is still in a tolerable state of preservation is adorned with several well executed devices in bass-relief, which however are now rapidly mouldering to decay. To the east of the great entrance to the chapel are the remains of a small edifice with narrow pointed gables, which seems to have

been the lodge of a porter, or lay-brother. The venerable stillness of this sacred spot, the numerous reliques of mortality that surround it, and the remembrance it produces of days that have been, give it even in its present desolated state an appearance more interesting, more impressive than it possessed when rising in all its plenitude of monkish pride; for, in viewing a well finished modern structure, there is a *ne plus ultra*, upon which the eye and mind are equally forced to rest. But in the contemplation of an ancient ruin, there is such room for imagination to add a thousand ornamental touches, such softened regret for the transiency of human workmanship, that its greatest interest arises from its decay, and it is from this principle that many a coarse and barbarous mass of Gothic labour, has, from a lapse of time mouldered into beauty.

The view of Bona Marga has of late been necessarily injured by the addition of a new roof to a small oratory which was built adjoining the great Abbey church, by a former Earl of Antrim, over the ashes of several of his family, whose burial place it is; a window in this oratory has also been stopped up, over which is an inscription, now rendered almost illegible, but of which the following is an accurate copy:

In Dei Dei-parisque virginis honorem,
Nobilissimus atque illustrissimus
Randolphus M'Donnell
Comes De Antrim,
Hoc sacellum fieri curarit,
Anno Dom. 1621.

In the Antrim vault there is a singular inscription, in Irish characters, on the coffin of the first Marquis of Antrim, a transcript of which, with a translation, shall appear in an ensuing Magazine.

L.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

CAMP MEETINGS.

I LATELY received the following account of one of the Camp-meetings so common in America, from an intelligent Correspondent, in New York. It may probably be gratifying to several of your readers, as it holds out in a strong point of view,

the dangers of fanaticism. It forms an instructive page in the natural history of man; and affords an example of his aberrations and obliquities! My aim is not to offend any, but to seek to inform.

RATIONAL.

"About the latter end of last summer, I had a severe visitation of illness, so much so, that I began to suspect myself in an advanced stage of consumption. About this time there was a methodist camp-meeting to be held forty miles from this city, (New York) up the North River. I thought a sail might be useful to my health, and would also gratify a curiosity I long had, of being at one of these meetings, about which I had heard so much conversation. Accordingly I took a passage in a sloop bound for the camp-meeting, with a number of others, some of whom were Methodists, and others not. We sailed at 9 o'clock in the morning, and arrived about 8 next morning. We had to go about three quarters of a mile, after we landed, to the camp. For a considerable part of the way, our ears enjoyed the sound of human voices in the exercises of singing and praying, which greatly increased as we approached nearer. It was about breakfast time, when I arrived. I had formed intentions previously to my leaving home, of noting particulars in writing, and had made preparations accordingly: but I soon found myself incapable of it, from the multiplicity of extraordinary circumstances, to keep an account of which, appeared nearly as impossible as to attempt to number the stars. They consisted in the most extreme exertions of the human passions, bounded only by religious enthusiasm. Under its directions, and influenced by this stimulus, some were praying, some preaching, some singing, some shouting, and clapping their hands in exultation, some dancing and jumping, some crying, and others lying without motion, apparently deprived of life. The camp, according to supposition, took in about ten acres: it was in the woods. The tents were arranged round in a circular form, two, and in some places three deep, with a space to pass and repass. The Blacks had one corner

to themselves. Their fires were a few paces in from the tents. Circular also, in, or near the centre, is a stage for the regular preachers, to which the congregation were called thrice a day, viz. at ten, two, and six o'clock, by the sound of a silver trumpet. It is a principal topic of the preacher to impress on his hearers the usefulness of such meetings, and to declare the similarity of them to the ancient practice of Christians. He seldom concluded this business of preaching, praying, and singing, till he communicated so much of his enthusiastic fire, as to inflame the congregation: then a scene ensued of noise, and *regular disorder*, beyond my power of description. This they call an out-pouring of the spirit, and a modern day of Pentecost.

"After the congregation breaks up, they separate into smaller circles, and continue in numbers over the ground, day and night, influenced with an equal degree of extravagant zeal. I have frequently seen from one to six in these small circles, lying sometimes motionless; and others apparently in convulsions. In these cases the members form a moving circle, and walk round and round, to keep off the pressing crowd, singing all the time. Curious as the scene is during the day, it is more so during the night, through the whole of which this devotion continues. The meeting lasts three or four days. This one ended with a love feast; after which the members formed into ranks of about six deep, and marched round the ground in procession; the men before, and the women behind, shaking hands with the preachers, who were fixed at a certain place. Thus ended the whole.

"These meetings are approved of, and under the direction, and generally attended by the Members of the Methodist society for many miles round. They bring with them bedding, and victuals for the time they stay, and admit of nothing being sold in the camp ground. Some tents are permitted at a distance, where articles of refreshment for strangers are sold. These are called the tents of wickedness."